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# ISAAC FUNK

The Farmer and Legislator



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The Farmer and Legislator

AN ADDRESS

BY

THOMAS C. KERRICK

AT

ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

Wednesday, January 22

1913

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F97

EXERCISES ATTENDING THE ADMISSION OF THE NAME OF  
**ISAAC FUNK**  
TO THE ILLINOIS FARMERS' HALL OF FAME

On the Afternoon of Wednesday, January Twenty-second, One Thousand  
Nine Hundred and Thirteen, at Two O'clock, in the  
MEMORIAL HALL, COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois

MUSIC

INVOCATION—

REV. JOHN ANDREW HOLMES

OPENING REMARKS—By the President of the Commission Illinois  
Farmers' Hall of Fame  
HON. A. P. GROUT

ADDRESS OF WELCOME—

DR. EUGENE DAVENPORT  
Dean College of Agriculture, University of Illinois

RESPONSE—

DR. J. T. MONTGOMERY  
President Illinois State Board of Agriculture

ADDRESS Isaac Funk, The Farmer and Legislator  
HON. THOMAS C. KERRICK

THE UNVEILING OF THE PORTRAIT OF ISAAC FUNK  
By Miss Elizabeth Funk, the Great Grand-Daughter

TENDER OF PORTRAIT OF ISAAC FUNK TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS

By His Son, Hon. LaFayette Funk, Ex-President Illinois State Board of Agriculture

RECEIPT OF THE PORTRAIT ON THE PART OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
By DR. EDMUND J. JAMES, President

BENEDICTION—

REV. JOHN ANDREW HOLMES

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*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Isaac Funk was born November 17, 1797, on a farm in Clark county, Kentucky. He died, after a brief illness, in Bloomington, Illinois, January 29th, 1865. He lies buried in Funk's Grove Cemetery, Funks Grove township, McLean county, Illinois, near the same still running stream, and in the heart of the same beautiful forest which captivated his eye, when as a young, strong man, full of hope, ambition and energy, he came to Illinois, in quest of a home and fortune.

By his side, and in the same grave, lie the remains of his faithful wife, Cassandra, who survived him scarcely four hours, and of whom it has been written by one of her granddaughters, in a most beautiful biographical tribute: "You all know how she died. Not because she was ill, or suffering, or very old; but because that other one, with whom and for whom she had lived so long, had gone before, and it was easier to close tired eyes and follow him than to face life without him." \* \* \* "A beautiful ending to a life so unselfish and devoted for others as was hers."

Isaac Funk's grandfather, Adam Funk, born in Germany, emigrated to America, settling first in Pennsylvania about the middle of the eighteenth century. His father, whose name was also Adam, was reared in Virginia. His wife's name was Sarah Moore, and she also was of German descent. They had nine children, six sons and three daughters.

The family removed to Kentucky about the year 1790. In

1807 they removed to Fayette county, Ohio. Here Isaac Funk spent thirteen years of his life, arriving at the age of twenty-three years. He then went over into Virginia, and worked a year in the Kenewa Salt Works, returned then to the Ohio home, and remained there two years more. While he lived in Ohio he worked most of the time on a farm, sometimes at home, and sometimes working out by the month.

Towards the end of this time, together with his father and Absalom, an older brother, he did some trading in cattle, hogs and other live stock. About this time an unlucky business venture put him in debt nearly two thousand dollars, a large sum for those days. This debt still hung over him when he came to Illinois in the spring of 1824, but, faithful then, as ever, in the discharge of all his obligations, he, as soon as he had earned the money with which to do it, returned to Ohio and paid this debt with interest.

Mr. Funk had scant opportunity for the schooling that is obtained under school teachers. So far as we know he only attended school parts of three winters, and not at all after he was thirteen years of age. But verily he must have made good use of his meagre school opportunities, and his out of school opportunities to acquire good book learning, for as a man he could write, he could reckon, and he could speak with a forcefulness, an accuracy and a real, if not polished, finish, impossible to many college graduates and men of reputed high scholarship.

The program prepared for this occasion gives me as the subject of this address, "Isaac Funk, the Farmer and Legislator." Isaac Funk's achievement in either of these great fields of human endeavor would sufficiently entitle him to the high mark of honor which is being given him here today. I

shall not attempt to define Honor and Fame other than to say that Isaac Funk, and such as he, have them because they deserve them.

We are not making Isaac Funk famous today, perhaps not even adding to his fame; we are merely recording a judgment previously arrived at in the Court of public opinion, composed of those who knew him and his works during his life on earth, and those who have known of him and his works during the nearly half century since his death.

Isaac Funk was a pioneer. A pioneer is one who goes before, and opens, and leads, removes obstructions, and prepares the way for others coming after. Without true pioneers, men and women pioneers, the history of this world would be a tedious and tasteless thing. I cannot say, and shall not say, that self-interest was not the motive that caused Isaac Funk to come to Illinois. To so assert would only be to go counter to a fact in human nature which we all know is a fact, but I do say there is a wide difference between self-interest and selfish interest, and no act of Isaac Funk of which I have ever learned, was a selfish act.

New comers, settling in his neighborhood, of course needed corn to feed their live stock until they could raise corn for themselves. Sometimes they came to Funk, who always had corn, and asked him if he would sell them some corn. Funk would answer, and I imagine with a little assumed sternness, "I don't sell corn, I buy corn," and then would add, doubtless with a kindly twinkle in his naturally rather fierce-looking black eyes, "Go to my cribs and take what corn you need, and when you raise enough corn yourself, put back as much as you took out."

In 1847 he donated a beautiful tract of land in the heart

of Funk's Grove for burial, school-house and church purposes. The conveyance, which was made in trust to the School Trustees of the township, recited, in substance, that such portion of the tract as was so needed, should be a burial place for the use of the inhabitants of Funk's Grove township, and such part as was so needed, should be used for school-house grounds, and such part as was so needed, should be used for church grounds, upon which grounds should be erected a Methodist church, but that people of all religious beliefs should be permitted to hold religious services in said church, when it did not conflict with its regularly appointed use by the Methodists.

It is in this same burial place that Isaac Funk's mortal remains repose, together with those of many of his kindred, and other one time "inhabitants of Funk's Grove township."

At the time of this conveyance Mr. Funk was not a member of any church, but in the following year he united with the Methodist church, and always gave and worked generously for the support and furtherance of religious teaching.

When Bloomington was little more than a village, he, together with Peter Cartwright, David Davis, and other public-spirited and far-seeing men, petitioned the Legislature for the charter upon which the Illinois Wesleyan University is founded, and later on, in a single donation, he gave that institution ten thousand dollars. I might multiply instances in proof of his broad-mindedness and open-heartedness, but these are typical, and for want of time must suffice here.

Before coming to Illinois, Mr. Funk had learned to deal in live stock. He had learned that there were places in Illinois where he could probably pursue that business successfully, and so in 1824 he came to Illinois, and built his cabin on the

eastern edge of the noble forest tract since known as Funk's Grove. About two years afterwards he wooed and wedded Cassandra Sharp, and brought her on horseback from her home in Peoria county to his cabin home. The courtship, I have been told, was short. It did not take Isaac long to know a good thing when he saw it. From this union dates Mr. Funk's remarkable career. Ten children came to them, nine sons and one daughter, the daughter coming last, and I have been credibly informed that the arrival of the daughter appeared to afford Mr. Funk about as much delight as the arrival of the other nine combined. All of these ten children, except Adam, the second born, who died in early manhood, lived beyond middle life, most of them to or beyond the allotted span of life. Three, Jacob, Lafayette and Absalom, are still living, and are here with us today. Three of the sons served in the Civil War. Three of them, and one grandson, have served in the upper or lower houses of our State Legislature. One served in Congress, after having served his home city seven terms as its Mayor. Among them they have, from time to time, been selected by their fellow citizens to render public service, in almost all capacities, in township, county, district and state, in all which capacities the service doubtless entailed financial loss rather than gain, and through all this public service they have come without a taint or smirch, or even a whispered suspicion, against their official integrity. They have been sought after throughout all their business lives to hold and perform the oftentimes onerous and sometimes thankless duties of trust positions. In these positions great sums of money belonging to others have been in their control, but their accounting for such funds has never been questioned, and no beneficiary ever failed to receive what was his due under such trusts.

I shall quote here, for a while, almost verbatim, from an address delivered by my brother, the late Leonidas H. Ker-  
rick, the son-in-law of Isaac Funk, upon the "Life and Char-  
acter of Hon. Isaac Funk," delivered September 21st, 1899,  
at a celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the settle-  
ment of Funk's Grove.

"There were then (speaking of the date of the marriage of Isaac Funk and Cassandra Sharp) less than thirty families in the territory now included in the bounds of McLean county. Of course there was not much farm stock of any kind.

"The Funks began to farm a little with such implements as they could get or make, and to buy what stock there was for sale within their reach. They bought cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and mules, and drove them to market wherever a market could be found. The brothers Isaac and Absalom were equal partners in all these transactions. They went to Sangamon county, and other settlements, as they gained a little headway in business, and bought cattle and brought them to the home place; these they would graze for a season, or perhaps feed awhile, according to their condition, and then find a market for them. Their first markets were Peoria and Galena,—later Chicago. Sometimes they took droves of cattle into Ohio, finding markets for them there.

"These first transactions were small, of necessity, but as settlements increased they kept equal pace, widening the field of their operations. They were alert, knew their business, dealt fairly with everybody, worked very hard, and as nearly as I can find out, they gained a pretty complete monopoly of the stock buying business in all this region; and they made money as they deserved to do.

"As early as 1835, Chicago became their principal market. They were sending so much stock there that it was thought best for one of the brothers to locate in Chicago, in order to take better care of the business at that end of the line. Isaac now had five small children; Absalom was still a bachelor, and ten years the elder. These circumstances suited Absalom better for locating and taking the work in Chicago, which he did, and Isaac remained on the farm.

"The different characteristics of the men also suited to this division of the work. If Isaac was the stronger man of

the two, being possessed of somewhat more energy and courage, Absalom was cast in a little smoother mold, more diplomatic, more suave. For about five years longer the brothers remained in partnership, prosecuting their business with great tact and energy. From first to last of the partnership the brothers worked in perfect harmony, and there was always mutual good-will. The memory of "Uncle Absalom" is dear to the Funk family, and his name is always mentioned with profound respect.

"The partnership was dissolved in the year 1841. Isaac bought Absalom's share in the lands they had acquired together, and continued buying, feeding and marketing cattle, hogs and other stock as before. Instead of curtailing the business, he still increased it. His land holdings were now larger, more labor was available, and he was farming and feeding more extensively. He bought cattle far and near, sometimes going to other states for them. He fed all his own crops to stock, as well as the grain share which he received from his tenants, frequently buying the share of his tenants also, and feeding it. He put cattle out with other farmers to have them fed, paying so much a pound for the gain, and he bought the crops of still others, and had them fed out on farms where they were raised. It was a common practice for him to sell his cattle, or contract them for a year forward, to parties in Chicago, at a stipulated price per hundred weight, dressed; then he would buy and graze and feed the cattle to fill these contracts. He went to Chicago, about one hundred and forty miles from his home place, sometimes with as many as 1500 cattle in his drove; sometimes as many as 1000 hogs. One winter, together with his brother Jesse, he drove more than 6000 hogs to Chicago. To move these large droves of stock safely and get them in market in good condition, was no boy's play. It required a high degree of skill, and a most accurate and practical knowledge of the business, besides great physical strength and courage and endurance. When one of the larger herds of cattle was to be moved to market, a section of it, say two or three hundred, would be started, with its proper complement of men attending. Next day another section would be mobilized and started on the road, and so on until all the herd was moving. These sections, or smaller droves, were kept about a day's march apart.

"It will be readily seen that in this manner the herd could

be moved with greater safety and expedition than in a single great drove. About fourteen days were required for a bunch of cattle to travel to Chicago, and about three weeks from the time the first were started out, the last drove, or section, would get in.

“Heavy rains, thunder storms, high water, sleet and snow storms were frequent incidents of these trips. Thunderstorms by night terrified the cattle in their new surroundings. It was often necessary for the herdsmen to remain in their saddles all night during the prevalence of a severe storm, in order to prevent a stampede of the cattle, or to round them up and get them in hand again, in case a stampede occurred. This kind of work called for the greatest courage, and the most daring equestrianism, as well as great physical endurance.

“For the most part, corrals were found for the cattle, and shelter for the men of nights, but frequently all were obliged to camp in the open prairie. At such times the men had nothing but the ground for a bed, a saddle or a bag for a pillow, a great-coat or blanket for cover, and the starry sky or lowering clouds for a roof.

“Mr. Funk nearly always went with his cattle, and took his share, or more than his share, of the hardest, the most disagreeable and the most dangerous parts of the work.

“Slaughtering facilities at Chicago were limited in those days, and these separate droves or sections of the herd were sized as nearly as practicable to a day's capacity of the slaughter house, to which the cattle were going. In this way each drove could be immediately slaughtered on its arrival, thereby preventing expensive delay and congestion of stock at Chicago. When slaughtered, each beef was weighed separately, in quarters, on platform scales.

“To George, the eldest son, was allotted the business, for several years, of taking these weights. The work would begin about four o'clock in the morning, and continue day after day until late at night. The whole time required to move and slaughter one of these larger herds of cattle, straighten up all the business and get home, was from four to five weeks.

“Droves of hogs were moved in about the same manner, except that it was necessary to have a sort of traveling slaughter camp along with the hog droves. A separate gang of men was needed to take charge of such heavier and fatter hogs as gave out on the way. Sometimes these hogs would be

loaded in wagons and sent forward to Chicago, the wagons returning and loading again, if necessary. Sometimes in coldest weather a good many would be slaughtered en route, and sent forward dressed.

When his sons were old enough they shared with their father the labors and hardships, as well as much responsibility, of his great business; but for many years it all rested on his shoulders alone. I have no doubt he often saw all he was worth, and a good deal more, on foot moving between Funk's Grove and Chicago. He nearly always had big money obligations maturing.

"When we consider the exigencies of such a situation, together with the uncertainties and risks of such a business as his, we may know that broad shoulders and a stout heart were needed to bear up under it all; but he had them, if ever a man had."

I almost regret that at this point I end the quotation. There are so many things said in the address from which I have quoted that are better said than I can say them.

Isaac Funk made a market for stockmen where there was none of stability before. He knew what the stock was worth, and stockmen knew that he did, and that he would pay what it was worth,—either when he came to them or when they came to him to negotiate about a sale.

In many instances men who had not previously communicated with Mr. Funk drove their stock long distances to his place, and without parley, and with full confidence in his word, sold it to him at such price as he told them he could afford to give.

At his death he owned, in round numbers, twenty-five thousand acres of as good land as was ever owned in a single compact tract by any one man. This land he had bought and paid for, and he had earned it. His acquiring it had hurt no other man. It helped hundreds of other men. There are scores of well-to-do land owners in McLean and adjoining

counties who are proud to relate that they got their start by working for Isaac Funk, either as hired men or tenants.

We hear and read much nowadays about the "unearned increment" in farm lands. There may be somewhere cases of such unearned increment, but I do not believe they are nearly so numerous as some suppose. I am as certain as I am certain about anything, that there is not an acre of the land that Isaac Funk died possessed of that has even a trace of so-called unearned increment on it, or in it.

Neither did Isaac Funk nor his descendants rob the soil. I had personal charge, forty years ago, for a period of four years of more than two thousand acres of it. I was familiar with its product then, and I think I know approximately what it produces now, and I know that it now produces, one year with another, as much as, or more, than it did then.

I have said not a tithe of what I think should be said about Isaac Funk as a farmer, but time will not permit more to be said now.

Isaac Funk was a patriot of the loftiest type. He loved his country. He zealously supported and upheld its institutions and interests. He was a defender of liberty, civil or religious. He was with heart and soul and purse for the preservation of the Union in the sixties. When the 94th regiment of Illinois volunteers, about to depart from Bloomington, was loaded into a train of suffocatingly hot and almost airless box cars, he bought a box of hatchets and a bunch of hand-saws and distributed them among the soldiers, with directions to cut as many holes in the sides of the cars as they thought would give proper ventilation, and leave him to pay the railroad for the damage done.

The good Union women of Bloomington were making a

flag to present to this regiment before its departure, and Isaac Funk was to make the presentation speech. For some reason the ladies did not get the flag finished in time. But when it was finished Funk took it over into Missouri to where the regiment was temporarily encamped. On the stand beside William H. Orme, the colonel of the regiment, Mr. Funk, with the flag in one hand, and looking out over the thousand boys in blue, began his speech, or tried to, but he got no farther than to turn appealingly to Orme and say, "Orme, you make the speech and give this flag to the boys. I can't do it. They look to me like they were my own children." Orme, with better control of his emotions, made the speech and presented the flag.

In politics, Mr. Funk was a Whig, until the Republican party was formed, when he joined that party. Like many other Republicans, he, for a while, thought the Abolitionists were too radical; that their teachings were impractical, and perhaps dangerous to the country. But he was open-minded, and at the request of an Abolitionist friend he went to hear Owen Lovejoy speak. He listened attentively to every word Lovejoy uttered. After the speech his friend asked him what he thought of it. He answered, "If that is Abolitionism, I am an Abolitionist," and he was, and had been all the time, I suppose, without knowing it, for, from his youth up he had held an abiding hatred for human slavery.

He was an intimate acquaintance and friend of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln visited at his home, and ate at his table. He admired and loved Lincoln. He was a Lincoln delegate to the historic Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency in 1860. Judge David Davis was the commander-in-chief of the Lincoln forces in that memorable con-

test. Among his ablest and most trusted generals and field marshals were Isaac Funk, Leonard Swett, Jesse K. Dubois, and Jesse W. Fell, of Illinois. Soon after the Lincoln forces had overthrown and humbled the erstwhile scoffing and boastful forces of the mighty Seward, and had carried away the nomination upon their victorious spears, Davis and Funk met in Davis' bedroom at the hotel. Davis was half sitting, half reclining on the bedside. As Funk approached him he sprang up, and with his mighty hand grabbing Funk's equally big one, exclaimed, "Well, Ike we won, but Lordee how tired I am!", and thereupon flung his ponderous frame full length upon the bed, and proceeded to "rest up." It is not related that Funk said he was some tired himself. Indeed I have it from one of his sons that he never, at any time or place, heard his father say he was tired, and he thinks it unlikely that anybody else ever did.

When Mr. Funk's candidate had won the nomination, he did not shed his Lincoln fighting clothes and leave all the work of electing his man to others. Quite the contrary. I did not reside in Illinois then, and cannot speak as an eye-witness, but from hearsay from people whose veracity I have never heard questioned, I know that Mr. Funk forthwith threw himself into the campaign with a velocity and momentum quite similar to that of a high-class cyclone, and from that sort of a beginning "worked up" until the polls closed in November and his man was elected.

One incident typical of his style as a campaign enthusiasm maker was when he coupled together the running gears of a half dozen or so of farm wagons, built a wide, strong platform over all, hitched up to this mammoth vehicle thirty-four yoke of oxen, one yoke for each state then in the Union,

loaded on the platform a goodly number of big rail-length logs, plenty of mauls, wedges, gluts, axes, and other implements of rail-splitting outfits, manned the craft with a husky bunch of sure-enough rail splitters, swung the gaily decorated outfit over the ten or eleven miles to the big Bloomington Republican rally, and with his expert rail-splitters making real rails, in the highest style of that really manly art, swung that long stretch of oxen here and there, round about through the principal streets of Bloomington, thronged with a shouting, cheering mass; while high above the noise and tumult of it all, his stentorian shouts of command and encouragement, the rifle-like cracking of his mighty whip, both of which had a meaning to these educated oxen, were heard, understood and obeyed by them as placidly and contentedly as though their master were merely calling them to their feeding place, some quiet evening down on the farm.

In 1840 the Whig party elected Mr. Funk to the lower house of our State Legislature. In 1862 the Republican party elected him to serve out the unexpired senatorial term of gallant Dick Oglesby, who resigned to go into the war. It was not because of Funk's personal wish or ambition that he took Oglesby's place in the State Senate. It was because a grand coterie of Illinois statesman patriots who were striving mightily to help hold up the hands of War Governor Yates and Abraham Lincoln, in order to carry the war to a successful conclusion, knew that Isaac Funk was the man needed in that place. At the expiration of that term they elected him for the ensuing full term. After Fort Sumter was fired upon, Funk, like Douglas, believed there were only two parties in this nation, patriots and traitors. But he was too broad-minded to think that all the patriots came from the Republican party.

He knew there were millions of men of the Democratic faith who were as loyal, as patriotic, and as zealous for the preservation of the Union as he. He knew also that a paltering, faltering, hesitating, doubting, week-kneed Unionist was little, if any, better than an avowed disunionist.

In the Illinois Senate in February, 1863, a bill to appropriate funds for the Sanitary Commission was pending. Recent war reverses had so encouraged the arrogant opponents of the war, and discouraged some half-hearted Unionists, that it seemed that the measure would be defeated. Funk sensed that the defeat of that measure would probably mean the defeat of similar measures in other states, and might lead to a general breaking down of all effort to save the Union. One night, when the opponents of the bill seemed to have it all their own way, Funk could stand it no longer. He sprang from his seat, and with a voice and an action that compelled everybody to listen, he made a speech. I will here recite the speech as the reporters took it. You must imagine, if you can, the occasion, and the action of the speaker. It is beyond my power, or that of any man, to reproduce those here. I can only give it as the reporters took it—

“Mr. Speaker: I can sit in my seat no longer and see such boys’ play go on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have ape’s ears to set off their heads, as they are secessionists and traitors at heart.

“I say that there are traitors and secessionists at heart in this senate. Their actions prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up in this hall and denounce the war and administration, prove it.

“I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin’s point to the mouth of a cannon on this charge against these

traitors. (Tremendous applause from the galleries.) I am an old man of sixty-five. I came to Illinois a poor boy. I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay \$3,000 a year in taxes. Am willing to pay \$6,000, aye \$12,000; (great cheering, the old gentleman bringing down his fist upon his desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock and causing the inkstand to bound half a dozen inches in the air,) aye, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors who are seeking to destroy it. (Tremendous cheers and applause which the speaker could not quiet.)

"Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me. I could not sit any longer in my seat and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by the thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yet these villains and traitors and secessionists in this Senate (striking his clenched fist on the desk with a blow that made the house ring again), are killing my neighbors' boys, now fighting in the field.

"I dare to tell this to these traitors, to their faces, and that I am responsible for what I say to one or all of them. (Cheers.) Let them come on, right here. I am sixty-five years old and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country.

"These men sneered at Colonel Mack, a day or two ago. He is a little man; but I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them in place of Colonel Mack. I am large enough for them and hold myself ready for them now and at any time. (Cheers from the galleries.)

"Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve —they deserve hanging, I say. (Raising his voice and violently striking the desk.) The country would be better off to string them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare tell them so, right here, to their traitors' faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason I would rejoice at it. (Tremendous cheering.)

"Mr. Speaker, I beg the pardon of the gentlemen in the

Senate who are not traitors, but true, loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for secessionists at heart. They are here in this Senate. I see them joke and smirk and grin at a true Union man. But I defy them. I stand here ready for them and dare them to come on. (Great cheering.) What man with the heart of a patriot could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no longer. (Cheers.) I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men who disgrace this legislature, this state and this country. For myself I protest and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures, I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath, and I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or anywhere, and fight them to the death. (Prolonged cheers and shouts.)

“I said I paid \$3,000 a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty—yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege to do it. But some of the traitors here, who are working night and day to get their miserable little bills and claims through the legislature, to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way who do not pay \$5 to support the government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors. (Cheers.)

“The reason that they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want also to embarrass the government and stop the war. They want to aid the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about taxes! They are picayune men anyhow. They pay no taxes at all and never did, and never hope to, unless they can plunder the government. (Cheers.) This is an excuse of traitors.

“Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country in this, her hour of danger. I feel for her from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. That is the reason that I speak as I do. I cannot help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true, loyal people, think of them.

“Mr. Speaker, I have had my say. I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made; and I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit here any longer

and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their selfish schemes to destroy the union. They have my sentiments. Let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon."

Probably any Sophomore could point out faults of composition and rhetoric in this speech, but it has been given to but few men to make so great a speech, considering the need for it, and how it satisfied that need. It not only saved the day in Illinois, but it put new hope and courage and vim into union loving people everywhere. It was an epoch-making speech. It is probably remembered by more of the older people in Illinois than any other speech made by any other Illinoian, excepting only some of Lincoln's. Things were going in the direction of destruction of the Union. This speech turned them about, in Illinois at least, and put them on the sure road to salvation of the Union.

Only recently Ex-Governor Joseph W. Fifer told me that this speech soon after its delivery was read to his entire regiment, the 33d Ill., assembled by its officers for that especial purpose and that within a few weeks after its publication it was doubtless read to, or by, practically every union soldier.

Needless to say! it touched a chord that helped mightily to "swell the chorus of the Union."

It is my belief that great as was Isaac Funk as a farmer, that one speech proved him to be even greater as a legislator.

## The Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame

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The members of the commission of the Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame have selected seven men, to date, for places in this Hall, which is the first of its kind. These men represent the several lines of activity that have conducted largely to the success of the Illinois farmer. (1) The inventor of the Reaper—(2) the organizer and the active promoter of the Illinois State Fair and the early importer and successful breeder of pure bred live stock—(3) the originator of the idea of the National system of Land Grant Colleges, that led to the establishment of the State Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic arts and later to the organization of the Agricultural Experiment Station—(4) A pioneer farmer who attained to a marked degree of success in the cultivation of crops, the feeding and breeding of market stock and in setting the pace for the best known methods of farming and feeding of his day, and—(5) the leading spirit of his time in developing a large profitable and central market for live stock and creating a widely distributed home and foreign demand for animal products—(6) A very successful farmer and feeder, of early day, who led the way in the development of the agricultural and live stock industry of Illinois—(7) An inventor of a number of very useful agricultural implements, and for fifty years a leading manufacturer of farm machinery in Illinois.

The first candidate admitted to the Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame on December 15, 1909, was Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor of the Reaper.

The second candidate, the late James N. Brown, the first President of the Illinois State Fair, who did so much for the Agriculture of the State in connection with this great Exposition, and the early introduction from Great Britain of the various breeds of live stock, was given like honor on January 25, 1911.

Prof. Jonathan B. Turner, the father of the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, was likewise honored by the commission of the Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame on June 15, 1912, the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of such Colleges and Stations.

The large farmer and feeder of early day, the late Isaac Funk, will be the candidate for admission on January 22, 1913. In the succeeding January, 1914, the late Philip D. Armour, the great packer and exporter of meat products, will be likewise honored.

The purpose of the commission in charge of these exercises is not only to give historic permanence and value to the labors of these great

leaders, but by example and instance to stimulate endeavor on the part of the younger men in order that this development so gloriously begun may proceed to its highest achievement.

The Farmers' Hall of Fame will be at the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, and each candidate, when admitted, will be represented by a high class painting and a tablet reciting in brief his contribution to the evolution of Agriculture.

Each of the names selected by the commission is to be installed into the Hall of Fame by separate and appropriate exercises to be varied according to the achievements of the individual.

The Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame is the result of a movement to record the services and commemorate the lives of the great leaders of the State in the development of Agriculture from a pioneer art to a civilized science on which the prosperity of all classes will ultimately depend.

This is one of the most significant steps taken in this or any other country in the name of Agriculture. It is not only just a tribute to this class which has hitherto gone unrecognized, but it cannot but encourage further effort on the part of the ambitious and capable men in a field by no means yet exhausted.

Its location at the College of Agriculture will not only be favorable to this end, but it will constitute one of the chief attractions and influences of the institution.

The monographs that will be issued in connection with the several names will constitute in themselves a history of Illinois and national Agriculture in such form as to attract both local and world wide attention, not only to the achievement of these men, but to the general cause of Agriculture, as well.

The commission elected at the recent annual meeting of this organization and authorized to complete arrangements for the admission of candidates to the Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame includes the following:

President Hon. A. P. Grout, a representative farmer residing at Winchester, the farmers' choice on the Board of Trustees, University of Illinois.

Vice-President, Dr. Eugene Davenport, of Urbana, dean of the Agricultural College, University of Illinois.

Secretary Col. Chas. F. Mills, Springfield, editor of The Farm Home and Secretary of the Illinois Department of Agriculture.

Treasurer Dr. J. T. Montgomery, Charleston, President of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture.









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